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SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

BLOIS TO VALENCAY—SELLES.

THE sun never shone more brilliantly on the bocage and vine lands of France, than it did on the morning of the 8th of August, as our voiture, hired for the occasion, wended its way along the capacious bridge over the Loire, towards a scene of beauty and historical interest which I was desirous not to pass unvisited. We were now on our way southward, having resolved to make a detour from the valley of the Loire to that of the Cher, and to return again at a point where fresh objects of attraction presented themselves.

It was not without regret that we bade adieu to Blois: kind friends had rendered our short stay agreeable. We had interchanged thoughts with one who looks cheerily on man's social advancement, whose mind is not bounded by the mean or trivial circumstances which surround it, but looks abroad over nature's great common for subjects whereon to settle. Whether from this extrinsic circumstance, or otherwise, I felt that Blois would form a pleasant and convenient resting-place for migratory English. True, the streets are, for the most part, narrow, ancient, and steep, but there are many good houses in the upper environs, and also many very agreeable resting places on the vine-clad slopes which unbosom themselves to the broad river beneath; and what scene of earthly beauty to compare with that on a calm summer evening, from the bosky terrace-like gardens, the moon travelling across an azure firmament resplendent with stars, and shining in glittering pageantry on the far-winding Loire. The rides around this ancient city are also beautiful; not open and dusty highways, but generally paths of the best order through patches of forest and orchard, or past neat villages, hamlets, gentlemen's seats, or other tokens of a dense and respectable population. The peasantry, and humble classes generally, as I was informed, are among the most orderly, and therefore most comfortable in France; their dialect is also better than in most other parts, a circumstance readily traceable to the long residence of the court in Touraine, and the many persons of influence who have country seats on the Loire and its environs. I cannot easily forget the happy appearance which a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Blois presented on the Sunday evening which I spent in this part of the country. Keenly dressed in their somewhat peculiar costumes, men, women, and children sat in tranquil enjoyment at the doors of their cottages, or on banks by the wayside, under the shade of apple trees; while at one place, on a secluded patch of green-sward, a party of youngsters, of both sexes, were dancing to the merry strain of a rustic violin.

Along one of these highways we were now advancing. Our path lay, for a number of miles, through a forest, into which, as there was no bounding-wall or hedge-row, our eyes were able to pierce for a considerable distance. For miles no living thing was to be seen, save an occasional *cantonnier* at work on the roads, or the child of a woodman carrying a few fallen twigs

to a distant cottage. As the day advanced, the heat became intolerable; the flies darted in myriads at every accessible part of our unhappy horses; and to save them as much as possible from their tormentors, Jean, the driver, clad them from almost head to heel in boughs of vines and other green plants, reived without mercy from the adjoining thickets. Here and there were large open tracts of land from which the corn harvest had lately been reaped, while the produce was in the act of being driven to the villages on low and rudely constructed wagons, drawn by bullocks, or horses and mules. In a few places the reapers were still busy; and here, for the first time, I saw in France more than two or three persons at harvest-work in one spot, thus indicating a greater than usual scale of farming operations. We likewise passed, in the course of the day's journey, several flocks of sheep under the charge of shepherds, feeding on the herbage they could pick up in the stubble fields and on the sides of the highway. They were, as usual, a long-legged breed, dirty, and lean. In my various excursions through the country, I have never been so fortunate as see a respectable flock of these animals. Judging from what has fallen under my own notice, I should say that the sheep in France are reared in small flocks, of from a dozen to a score, on the grass by the sides of the highways. Doubtless, however, there are tracks of country in which a superior system prevails.

The villages we passed through were of the usual dull aspect, though clean and resplendent under the bright noonday sun. The first and last house in each, as I had occasion to remark elsewhere, was marked by a small blue painted board inscribed with the name of the department, the *arrondissement*, and the canton, with the number of kilometers to the chief lieu. Such town sign-boards are common in other continental countries besides France. We likewise observed that each village was provided either with a *poste aux lettres*, or a *boite aux lettres*. I think it will not be uninteresting to say a few words in explanation of the difference between these two kinds of establishments.

In France there are 2846 cantons, each provided with a post-office, or *poste aux lettres*, and in some cantons there are two or three, or more, each of course managed by a keeper or director, the majority of whom are females. The total number of these post-offices is above 4000, and connected with them is a corps of about 9000 letter-carriers, a number of whom also are women. In all this there is nothing remarkable; the singularity is in the establishment of subsidiary receiving boxes, or *boites aux lettres*. England has nothing to show of this kind. The *boite aux lettres* is simply a locked box with a slit for the admission of letters, fixed on the gable of a cottage, on a wall, or on a post, by the wayside. Placed in a situation convenient for the neighbourhood, it receives all letters brought to it, and is cleared regularly of its contents by the letter-carrier in his rounds. The letters being taken to the nearest office, are there stamped and taxed, and forthwith distributed. These boxes cost nothing for management, and are a great accommodation to the country. In England, such conveniences could not be trusted in

the open highway, which is a misfortune; but one, at least, might receive the shelter of every parochial or district school-house; indeed, properly followed out, twenty thousand letter-boxes might, on this simple plan, be scattered throughout the hamlets of the United Kingdom, at the merest trifle of expense, and excite probably a vast increase of correspondence as well as of revenue.

Let us now proceed on our journey. Our voiture has reached the valley of the Cher. The country, which has latterly been bare tilled land, is now more green and woody. Selles, an aged town, placed on the left bank of the river, from which it receives the name of Selles-sur-Cher, is before us, and is speedily reached by crossing an old stone bridge. Having stopped for about an hour to rest the horses, during which we had an opportunity of walking along the pleasant banks of the Cher, which is here about the size of the Tweed at Coldstream, we were again on our journey towards Valençay, a place at a few miles' distance, which it was our object to see, returning thence to Selles for the night. Valençay we reached about three o'clock, on an exceedingly beautiful afternoon, and cost us upwards of an hour in the inspection. The country here is still more woody and irregular than upon the Cher; and we can fancy, from its patches of oak forest, its long avenues of trees, its old walls and mansions, that aristocracy has for ages been the presiding genius of the locality. As our carriage ascends the small eminence on which the town is situated, we feel assured that we are approaching the house of a great man, for there it stands, a fine old chateau of the renaissance period, commanding a view of the country around.

This, then, good reader, is the Chateau de Valençay, a half-castle half-palace, erected principally in the reign of that palace-building hero, François Premier, from the designs of Philibert de l'Orme. We alight, walk to the arched portal, and are admitted by the concierge to the court behind, where a projecting wing of the building of the era of Louis XIV. is now pointed out. Beneath this projecting portion of the building is an open arcade with pillars, intended as a promenade in wet weather, and from this arcade do we enter the hall, whence from suite to suite of chambers, below and above, are we conducted over the whole house. Who resides at Valençay, or what is the object in visiting it?

Valençay offers one of the best existing specimens of the ducal chateau, with its terrace-like gardens, avenues, bowers, and enclosures—but only exteriorly; for the house is altogether furnished according to the modern French taste. Inferior, however, as respects internal antiquity to another chateau which I shall afterwards describe, it is in the present day an object of interest, from having been the property and country residence of Talleyrand, and the place where he spent the latter years of his life. Here, also, as some readers will recollect, Ferdinand VII. of Spain was confined from 1808 to 1814 by Bonaparte. At the time of our visit, Valençay had no inhabitant, but everything in the establishment was complete, and precisely as Talleyrand had left it. The large salle, to which we were first admitted, is elegantly furnished, and decorated with full-length portraits of royal personages, gifts to their late owner. Among these are pictures of Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and his queen. The more private rooms on the same range possessed also some fine modern portraits of statesmen and others; but these interested us less than two other apartments, likewise on the ground-floor, which had been used as the study and bed-chamber of Talleyrand. Everything remained as if prepared to receive him. In front of a chair were his shoes, large, clumsy, and made of softish leather; one being suitable for a deformed foot, with steel supports and bandages for the leg. On a table adjoining lay three canes, with convenient handles to lean upon in walking. And in the centre of the floor was a table containing the whole apparatus for writing—pens, wax, paper, and at least a dozen seals, some of them the size

of a tea-cup. On a writing book, in the midst of this array, lay his spectacles, through which the eyes of their owner had taken their last look. In the dressing-room were two glass cases placed against the wall, and in these were displayed the magnificent laced robes, stars, and orders of the ex-minister, or, as one might almost call them, the theatrical properties which had for half a century figured in the shifting dramas of the French court.

On the floor above, we are first led through a long gallery with smooth oaken floor, and embellished on the side opposite the windows with various portraits of distinguished members of the Perigord family, some of which were of considerable antiquity, the family, during the middle ages, having possessed the dignity of sovereign counts within their domains. Besides those paintings, there are numerous prints of crowned heads and statesmen of the last fifty years. The library, which is dispersed in the gallery and in an adjoining apartment, is a vast collection of books, consisting chiefly of ancient Latin and modern French authors. Among the whole, we observed only two or three English works. How thoroughly does difference of language separate countries distant only a few miles from each other!

We were conducted to a still higher floor in the chateau, consisting, however, only of private apartments, and thence were led to a turret at one of the exterior angles of the building, from which we had a charming panoramic view of the beautiful country around, with the town of Valençay adjoining the palace grounds on the east. It was now time to leave the place of Talleyrand's abode while living, and to pay a visit to that in which his mortal remains have been consigned to wait the final doom.

It was market-day when we pushed through the crowded streets of this neat little town. The *Place* was strewn with vegetable produce; countrywomen in their bright-coloured costumes were busy exposing their wares to the purchasers; and over all was seen the cocked hat of a gendarme, preserving order by his magisterial presence. By the politeness of this functionary—whose friendly advances, however, one is never altogether sure about—way was made for us across the *Place*, and we found ourselves in a narrow tributary street at the further corner. Here was pointed out to us a plain mansion within a bounding wall, as the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in the chapel connected with which Talleyrand has found a tomb. We entered the little chapel, which was situated on the right-hand side of the court in front; it was, appropriately, as silent as death; a single nun, in her black attire and white coif, alone knelt in mute and diligent devotion before the only altar. It was certainly rude to think of disturbing such orisons—what plea of curiosity could entitle any vagrant foreigner to intrude himself on a scene so tranquil and holy? Yet what will an assumed plea of necessity not dare or overcome? The nun must be faced. And, after all, there needed no great degree of courage to address her. She was a meek quiet person; one of those gentle beings in whom we could imagine all vestige of earthly passions had been extirpated. A whisper of a few words, in which the fair devotee might gather the almost anticipated sounds—*étranger—tombeau de Talleyrand*—raised her from her devotional posture. Without uttering a word in reply, she walked out of the chapel, but immediately returned with a bunch of keys. Where there was any door to open, I could not conjecture; for in the walls of the chapel no outlet, except by the entrance, was visible. Our doubts on this point were soon at an end. Proceeding to a part of the floor immediately in front of the altar, the youthful nun withdrew a piece of carpet, disclosing a wooden trap-door, which she lifted and removed. A heavy iron door now made its appearance, and the nun applying a key to the lock, it was ready to be lifted by a ring. As I stooped down, and raised upon its hinges this very ponderous iron trap, exposing, at the same time, a dark gulf below, the scene with Aladdin and his inhuman

uncle over the cavern of the wonderful lamp came across my memory, the present appearance of things being not very dissimilar; only that, instead of a magician, there was a simple-hearted nun with a rosary at her girdle; and for Aladdin, there was an impatiently curious traveller, who, with the partner of his journey, had come so far from the banks of the Loire to view a few objects of something more than local or temporary interest.

'*Descendez, Monsieur, s'il vous plait,*' said the nun; and now looking intently at the dark opening before me, I perceived it contained a flight of narrow stone steps, down which I cautiously groped my way to a depth of perhaps twelve feet, when I found myself on a stone floor, on which a gleam of light fell from a distant window. Going forward in the direction of the light, I was led into a chamber partly beneath the altar, and to all appearance partly below an open ground beyond the chapel; for the light came from a species of skylight in the arched roof overhead. The vault, when I had time to examine it, seemed to me about twenty feet square. All was cold, dry, and silent. And so, said I, as I looked around, and recognised through the gloom the few objects which the place contained, this, then, is the tomb—the *domus ultima*—of the renowned Abbe de Perigord—the Bishop of Autun—Citizen Talleyrand! Within a niche in the wall opposite the entrance is placed a large dark-coloured stone sarcophagus, containing the coffin and remains of the great man, as is indicated by an inscription on its side—'*Ici reposent les cendres de Charles Maurice de Perigord, prince de Talleyrand,*' &c., with the date of his death, May 20, 1838. On the floor on each side of the apartment are ranged several other sarcophagi, containing, as is seen from similar inscriptions, the remains of members of the Perigord family; none, however, of any antiquity; the whole place, indeed, having the air of a modern creation.

There was little time to moralise in this place of tombs, fruitful as it was in associations connected with modern history; so we left it to a reign of silence which would not, in all likelihood, be broken till the visit of some equally intrusive tourist. The iron and wooden doors were lowered, the pious nun meekly resumed her kneeling attitude, and, dropping a few coins into the *tronc* at the doorway—an Englishman being never able to divest himself of the idea of paying for his freak—we departed. In the evening, we again sauntered along the green banks of the Cher, in the neighbourhood of Selles, whence we proposed on the morrow to pursue our way by Chenanceaux to Amboise.

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

On the 14th of October 1842, the city of New York held holiday—and well it might; for on that day, for the first time since its foundation, did its inhabitants enjoy the blessings of a cheap, copious, and permanent supply of pure water. Hitherto, that essential requisite to existence was obtained from pumps and draw-wells; now, it flowed through their streets in the form of a fresh and sparkling river, spread out into extensive lakes, gushed forth in every square and park, and disseminated itself in living rills of health and comfort to the remotest alley. The accomplishment of such a purpose was, in truth, a triumph worthy of a civilised people—a feat more glorious and enduring than the squandering of ten times the amount of capital in gunpowder and bayonets. Those who are accustomed to sneer at the 'utilitarianism of the age,' may regard the watering of a city as a mere ordinary incident, a fit enough topic for the newspapers and small-talk of a week, and nothing more; but to the individual who can take an enlarged view of human progression, and who knows how much of public health, comfort, and

prosperity depends upon a plentiful supply of pure water, it will appear in its true light as a great national achievement. In such a light was the completion of the Croton Aqueduct regarded by the citizens of New York; and, viewing it through the same medium, we proceed to lay before our readers some account of this magnificent undertaking, as gleaned from a recent American publication devoted to the subject.*

Like most modern cities which have rapidly increased in population and importance, New York, so early as the end of last century, began to feel the necessity of a plentiful supply of pure and wholesome water. As with most modern improvements, too, depending upon the consent of the many, there was a world of preliminary palaver and delay. In 1774, when the population amounted only to twenty-two thousand, the necessity began to be felt; in 1799, it was the subject of much talk, and even consultation, with engineers; and again, in 1822, after a lapse of twenty years, a committee 'sat upon' the subject, obtained a survey, drew up a report, and had the same approved of. Still, however, nothing was done; the inhabitants of New York continued to drink impregnated waters when they could obtain them; when they could not, it is humorously supposed they betook themselves to 'gin-sling.' In 1824, the yellow fever committed fearful ravages; being all the more severe, that the inhabitants had not the indispensable element of cleanliness to abate its effects. This roused the authorities to a keener sense of the importance of water; hence 1825 and 1826 are remarkable for the number of speeches, reports, prospectuses, &c., which the water-question gave birth to. Still, there was no actual movement. In 1831, a new committee talked of 'more decided steps,' and besought the municipal authorities 'no longer to satisfy themselves with speeches, reports, and surveys, but actually to raise the means and strike the spade into the ground.' These, it must be confessed, were bold words; but they brought no water. However, a more urgent monitor now appeared; and in 1832 the plague of cholera ravaged their filthy and unwatered city. This so stirred the inhabitants and authorities to a sense of their danger, that the latter now set about in absolute earnest to remedy the defect. Surveys and reports were executed anew; and after a few more last words and deliberations, the work was commenced in reality. In May 1837, the spade was struck into the ground; in July 1842, the waters of the Croton traversed the aqueduct, and in October of the same year were distributed throughout the city of New York, whose inhabitants hailed the event 'with unrestrained enthusiasm and joy!'

How this result was accomplished, at what cost, and with what success, we shall now endeavour to describe. The modes of supplying modern cities with water are either by means of Artesian wells, by pipes which conduct and distribute some distant spring, or by the engine pump applied to the water of some river, if, luckily, such a source be available. The aqueduct, upon its ancient and gigantic scale, is rarely if ever resorted to, and herein consists the novelty and interest of the mode adopted by the city of New York. An aqueduct, in its primitive sense, means simply a *water-leader*, a familiar instance of which is afforded us in the common mill-course. The water is diverted from its natural channel at the requisite height, and then led along in an artificial course to the point desired. Now, this artificial channel may be simply a ditch, or it may be constructed

* Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct. By F. B. Tower, of the United States Engineer Department. New York. 1843.

of solid masonry; it may be open or covered; it may wind along the sides of hills, so as to preserve the proper level, or it may be carried straight forward through hills and across valleys. The ancient aqueducts of Rome were generally constructed upon the latter principle, being carried through heights by tunnels, and across valleys and rivers upon arches—the arched portion of the structure originally giving the name of *aqueduct*, just as the range of bridges which carry a railway across a valley are termed a *viaduct*. The ancient principle was that adopted by New York: the Croton river is dammed up near its source, its pure and undefiled waters are conveyed in a channel of solid masonry through hills by tunnels, over rivers and valleys by arches or embankments; and after a course of forty miles, administers to the health and comfort of four hundred thousand human beings! The reasons for adopting this species of structure are obvious: an open canal would have been liable to receive innumerable impurities from the wash of the country: a closed one not only prevents waste by evaporation, and preserves cleanliness, but adds to the strength and durability of the structure. The inequalities of the country between the source of the Croton and the city of New York were such, as entirely to preclude the idea of a plane or continuous water-course, and the question to be decided was—whether the laying of pipes, or the construction of an aqueduct after the plan of the ancients, would be more economical, efficient, and permanent? After due consideration, it was decided in favour of the latter: and now for Mr Tower's details.

Beginning with the Croton river, we are informed that its sources are principally in the county of Putnam, at a distance of fifty miles from New York. 'They are mostly springs which in that elevated and uneven country have formed many ponds and lakes, never-failing in their supply. There are about twenty of these lakes, which constitute the sources of the Croton river, and the aggregate of their surface areas is about three thousand eight hundred acres. From these sources to the mouth of the Croton, at the head of Tappan Bay in the Hudson, the distance is about twenty-five miles. The country bordering upon the Croton is generally elevated and uneven, not sustaining a dense population, and cleared sufficiently to prevent injury to the water from decayed vegetable matter. The river has a rapid descent, and flows over a bed of gravel and masses of broken rock. From these advantages, there is good reason to suppose that the water will receive very little impurity from the wash of the country through which it flows, and there is no doubt that the sources furnish that which is peculiarly adapted to all the purposes of a large city. The water is of such uncommon purity, that, in earlier days, the native Indian gave a name to the river which signified *clear water*.'

Again, as to the flow of water into the Croton, the capacity of the fountain reservoir, the discharge of the aqueduct, and the sufficiency of supply, we are presented with the following details:—'The medium flow of water in the Croton, where the fountain reservoir is formed, exceeds fifty-millions of gallons in twenty-four hours, and the minimum flow, after a long-continued drought, is about twenty-seven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours. The dam on the Croton river is about thirty-eight feet above the level, which was the surface of the natural flow of water at that place, and sets the water back about six miles, forming the fountain reservoir, which covers an area of about four hundred acres. The country forming the valley of the river was such as to give bold shores to this reservoir generally, and in cases where there was a gentle slope or a level of the ground near the surface of water, excavations were made, so that the water should not be of less depth than four and a half feet. The available capacity of this reservoir, down to the level where the water would cease to flow off in the aqueduct, has been estimated at six hundred millions of gallons. Could we suppose that the Croton river will ever, in any season

of drought, fail to furnish a supply greater than would be carried off from this reservoir and the reservoirs at the city by evaporation, we have still a supply of water which would be sufficient for one million of inhabitants during the space of thirty days (estimating the amount necessary for each inhabitant to be twenty gallons for every twenty-four hours). But we may assume the number of inhabitants at present to be one-third of a million, and therefore we have a sufficient store of water in this fountain reservoir to supply them for the space of ninety days, in the emergency before supposed. In addition to the quantity in the fountain reservoir, we have sufficient in the reservoirs at the city to supply one-third of a million of inhabitants for about twenty-five days, at the rate of supply before-mentioned. Thus we find, should such a limit as we have supposed ever happen to the supply from the river, the season of drought cannot certainly be supposed to continue during the length of time (about four months) that would be required for the present population of the city to exhaust the quantity in store when all the reservoirs are full. The minimum flow of water in the river, where the dam is constructed, has been stated to be twenty-seven millions of gallons for every twenty-four hours. This would be a sufficient supply for one million of inhabitants; and should the population of the city increase to one million and a half, this supply, together with the quantity in store, will probably be sufficient during any season of drought. There is, therefore, no fear in regard to the supply for the present, and should the time arrive when the city will require more than the present facilities afford during low stages of the river, other streams may be found which can be turned into the upper branches of the Croton, or into the aqueduct along its course. Other reservoirs may also be constructed farther up the Croton, to draw from in seasons of drought.'

Such are the wonderful capabilities of what may be termed the 'feeders' of the Croton Aqueduct, which is calculated to discharge no less than *sixty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours*! Some idea of this magnificent supply may be formed from the fact, that the daily consumption of the principal London water companies (eight in number) amounts only to *twenty-one millions of gallons*. Of the architectural structure of the Croton Aqueduct, it would be impossible to convey any clear idea without the aid of sections and diagrams. A general sketch of the undertaking may, however, be presented. As already stated, the fountain reservoir covers about four hundred acres, and is formed by a dam thirty-eight feet in height, thus creating a source one hundred and sixty-six feet higher than the city of New York. At this dam are sluices or gates for regulating the discharge of water, and of course under the superintendence of a competent manager. The interior of the aqueduct is, throughout, of an arched or elliptical form, founded upon hydraulic concrete, built of squared stones, and finally lined with brick prepared for the purpose. In crossing flats slightly below the intended level, it is raised upon solid embankments; in crossing valleys or rivers, it is supported upon arches; and in passing through hills, these are tunneled, to admit the mason-work of the aqueduct. Roads and other thoroughfares are of course left unobstructed by the erection of bridges, just as they are in our country when a railway is laid down. As the magnificence of aqueducts depends upon the height and number of arches requisite to carry them across valleys, it may give some idea of that under consideration, when it is stated that Harlem river is crossed by fifteen arches, seven of which are of fifty feet span, and eight of eighty feet, the greatest height being one hundred and fifty feet from the foundation to the top of the mason-work. This, it is true, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the aqueduct, but there are other bridges and embankments of no mean magnitude, the design and construction of which do credit to American engineering. No essential change occurs in the form of the channel-way from the fountain reservoir on the Croton to the

receiving reservoir on the island of New York, a distance of thirty-eight miles, except in crossing Harlem river to reach the island, and in passing a deep valley on the island, where iron pipes are used instead of masonry, to provide for the pressure consequent upon a depression from the regular plane. Thus the course of this artificial stream may be said to combine two principles—that of the ancient aqueduct, and a descent and ascent as in ordinary pipes. Should it ever be resolved on to remove the tubes from these depressions, and to substitute arcades to maintain the regular inclination of the channel-way, a second tier of arches will be required in crossing the Harlem river, and a bridge of great elevation to span the ravine on the island.

Having, by the means now described, reached the receiving reservoir at the rate of one and a half miles an hour, the surface-level of the water is still one hundred and nineteen feet above the level of mean tide. From this it is conducted (a distance of two miles) to the distributing reservoir, where the surface-height falls to one hundred and fifteen feet, this last being the height to which the water can be made available in the city. The receiving reservoir covers about thirty acres, and contains one month's supply; whilst the distributing, which is entirely built of stone, is four hundred and thirty-six feet square, forty-five feet deep, and contains twenty millions of gallons. This last reservoir may be considered the termination of the Croton Aqueduct, and is distant from the fountain reservoir forty and a half miles. The whole cost of the work was about 9,000,000 dollars; and adding to this the cost of pipes, and arrangements for distributing the water in the city, it will make the total cost of supplying New York with water 12,000,000 dollars, or about *three millions* sterling.

Commenting on the comforts and blessings of this supply of pure water, Mr. Tower remarks, 'the time is not far distant when New York will regard it as a treasure which was cheaply purchased, and will proudly point to the noble work which she has achieved, not only as an example of her munificence, but as an illustration of what art and science can accomplish. With cleanly streets, and the public parks beautified with the fountains which send forth cooling and refreshing vapours upon the air, the citizens will forget to leave the city during the warm months of summer; and the sea-shore, the mountain tops, and watering-places, will fancy their beauty has faded, since they cease to be visited. But health is no less promoted by the internal than by the external use of water; and it is to be hoped, that but a short period will elapse before free baths will be provided at the public expense for the use of the poor, as well as the public generally. Daily ablution should be regarded as necessary as daily food or sleep. * * * The lime contained in the previous well-water rendered it inapplicable to the purposes of brewing, tanning, washing, bleaching, and many other processes in the arts of domestic economy; and, we believe, the calculation would not be found extravagant, if we would say that, by the use of the Croton water, 100,000 dollars would be saved to the inhabitants of New York in soap and soda, and an equal amount in tea and coffee. To this may be added the superior cleanliness of the streets, the diminution of *danger* from fires, and the consequent reduction of the rates of insurance; the improvement of the public health, and the consequent saving in medicine and physicians' fees; the increase of working days, and the extension of the average period of working ability among the labouring *classes*; and lastly, the moral and intellectual advancement of the entire population, attendant upon the improvement of their physical condition; each of which is not an unimportant item in the aggregate of public prosperity and happiness. The value, however, of an abundant supply of pure water to the city of New York is not to be estimated by dollars and cents; if it were, it could be easily shown that it has not been pur-

chased at too dear a rate, even were the expenses attending it increased to double the actual amount.'

Having thus gleaned the above sketch of the Croton Aqueduct from Mr. Tower's 'Illustrations,' which form a very handsome pictorial volume, we shall take an early opportunity of presenting our readers with some account of the aqueducts of the ancients—adverting to the defective system of watering, sewerage, and ventilation, which prevails in most of the populous and commercial cities of the present day.

THE HEIRESS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.*

ONE of the prettiest spots in Woodfield was the old market garden. It was situated in a warm sunny angle, where three of our bowring lanes met, near the ruins of St Edmund's Abby. It was unlike any other garden of the kind I ever saw; the old mulberry and pear-trees, and espalier apples, whose golden fruits might have tempted wiser nymphs than Atalanta, were evidently relics of departed centuries. I think they must have been planted by the dainty monks of the adjacent monastery, or at any rate grafted from their ancient stock, for, with all our horticultural improvements, we get no such apples now-a-days. Their very name bespoke their origin. The Abbot's Pippin they were called. That abbot was a man of taste, I'll warrant him, from whose pet seedling first sprang this spicy family. His name is forgotten—his grave is unknown; but these pippins are a perennial monument of his good deeds, in introducing so excellent a stock of apples among the East-*Anglian* orchards. The thyme, the fennel, the red sage, and many a flaunting marigold, are still to be found in the green lanes near to the mouldering line of broken arches which formed the boundary of St Edmund's Abbey, indubitable landmarks of the ancient herbarium from which the cowed physicians of the olden time concocted the simple medicines for the village poor, as well as for the petty suzerain of the manor. A hardy race were both the peasant and his lord in those days, when health might be extracted from herbs of grace and flowers of the field, and none ever received such a thing as an apothecary's bill to raise their spirits after a long illness.

The market garden of Woodfield, when I first remember it, was rented by a widow in the decline of life, who with her grandson occupied a low substantially-built cottage, with Flemish gables and ancient carved casements, which formed the tenement belonging to the garden. Old Aggy Durrant, as she was called, was not a native of our county, though she had married a Suffolk man. The Woodfield peasants regarded her as a sort of foreigner, saying, 'She came out of the shires, and was not one of them.' The Suffolk peasantry have the most singular dislike to the natives of any other county than their own; nor will they, if they can possibly avoid it, accept a service in any division of England that bears the termination of shire. 'No, ma'am, I can't think of going into the shires,' is the reply of these determined clingers to native scenes, and oft times to native miseries; but why the idea of a shire should be so displeasing to our worthy East-*Anglians*, I never could make out. Certain it is, however, that the *South folk* are a peculiar people, having very few affections to bestow on strangers. Old Aggy had lived long enough in that cottage to have insured a local settlement in any village, one would think; but no, she was among the people, but not of them. Her accent betrayed her northern origin; her manners and customs differed from theirs. 'She neither ate hard dumplings nor white bacon, which made it plain she came out of the shires, and was not one of them.'

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The gossips complained that no one knew anything about her, except that she did not manage her garden like other people with proper straight walks and squares of cabbages, squares of potatoes, and squares of other kinds of garden sauce (the name by which the Suffolk peasants class vegetables, when they speak of them collectively), like people who pretended to get their living by selling their garden produce; but she had flower-beds and borders, and winding walks, like *sarapens*, with boweries at the corners, and arches made with climbing plants running over strings and bent sticks. Even her scarlet-beans and her peas were set out to look like some out-of-the-way fancy, all denoting the pride and ambition of this strange old woman with her popish name. No one, in reality, had less of these unpopular qualities than poor old Aggy Durrant. She was the meekest and most benevolent of living creatures. Very liberal halfpennyworths and pennyworths of small fruit did she dispense to her juvenile customers; and if she heard of a sick person having a craving desire for fruit, the first gatherings of her strawberries, her cherries, or her plums, were freely accorded by her, without a thought of payment.

Much as the picturesque arrangement of old Aggy's garden offended the bad taste of some of her invidious neighbours, it was always a favourite resort on holidays or summer evenings for young persons who wished for quiet enjoyment, a pleasant walk, and a cheap feast, or at night by a little improving conversation with the amiable mistress of this village Eden. Many a spare hour have I spent in acquiring a little of her practical knowledge in floriculture and *herbology*, for Aggy was learned in the virtues of plants, from the oak to the house-leek. She could distil simple waters and compound rare ointments for curing burns, blisters, and chilblains, and concoct draughts for the relief of coughs, colds, and many other of the maladies to which the poor were subject, and she never made any charges for her simple medicines, unless to those who could well afford to pay her. The squire's lady and the young ladies at the hall were great customers to Aggy Durrant for her double distilled rose-water and elder flower-water, and the apothecary himself privily purchased her mint-water, and gave her extensive orders for her healing ointments, though he told every one that 'she was a shocking old quack, and ought not to be encouraged.' He was her best customer, nevertheless, and never ordered conserve of roses, conserve of hips, or currant-jelly of any one else.

Some people fancied Aggy Durrant must be growing rich, as she had so many ways of getting money; but her profits were too small, and her charities too abundant, for the acquisition of wealth, and all her savings were employed in the education of her orphan grandson George. Till he was twelve years of age, the boy had no other instructor but herself, and it was evident that she understood enough of the rudiments of learning to have enabled her to keep a preparatory school; but Aggy Durrant was of an active turn, and preferred her miscellaneous employments to the sedentary business of tuition. When George, to use her expression, 'got beyond her in his learning,' Aggy Durrant astonished and offended all her neighbours by actually sending him to a boarding-school kept by a worthy curate in a neighbouring town. As soon as this fact transpired, Aggy had an influx of customers-extraordinary, who came—it being winter-time, when no cheap winter-fruits were in season—for pennyworths of raddish seeds and cabbage seeds, and pints of peas and beans, as an excuse for catechising the old lady on the subject of her grandson's departure from Woodfield, and her reasons for sending him to Scampton school.

Aggy had a quiet laconic way of replying to cross-questioning, that might have baffled the most impertinent barrister on a country circuit. 'So you have sent George to boarding-school, Mrs Durrant?' began the baker's wife.

'Yes.'

'Why, that will be a great expense to you?'

'I fear it will.'

'They say you mean to make a parson of him?' pursued the persevering querist.

'I cannot make parsons.'

In common with many others, I always suspected the widowed Aggy had seen better days. One day I told her so. She turned her mild eyes expressively upon me, and replied with impressive brevity, 'I have.'

As I was not actuated by the intrinsic spirit of vulgar curiosity, which led our Woodfield gossips to pry into the affairs of their neighbours, I made no other comment upon this rejoinder than a look indicative of the interest I had always taken in Aggy Durrant, from the days when I used to coax our nurse to let us spend our half-holiday pennies in buying strawberries or cherries from her garden. Not but that we had strawberries, cherries, and all other fruits in their season in our own garden almost *ad libitum*, but we did not think our fruit half so delicious as that which old Aggy gathered for us, and it was such a treat to sit in her jessamine bower to eat it, and to look at her flowers and learn all their names, and whether they were to be propagated from seeds or slips, and how to make floral pyramids by training major convolvuluses up strings pegged in a circle, and then all knotted together to a tall lath in a central point.

Years passed away, leading us from infancy to childhood, and from youth to maturity; but though time had wrought so manifestly with us, we perceived no particular change in Aggy and her garden. She had never altered the fashion of her garb—the garb of widowhood—though sometimes, when she attended her customers in the garden, she now covered her closely-drawn cap with a black hood on chilly March days, an indication that she began to shrink from the sharp east winds; but her figure was unbent, and she was always to be seen on Sundays in her accustomed seat in the village church, with her substantially bound book of common-prayer and bible, both of a venerable appearance, and dignified with silver clasps. Like Aggy Durrant, they too had seen better days, and like her they did not appear older than when first I remembered them. It was in the widow's grandson that the only remarkable change had taken place. The curly-headed schoolboy had become a sedate and somewhat sentimental student. Aggy lamented that she could not send him to college; not that she breathed such a word to her every-day customers, who would have laughed the idea to scorn, she only whispered the regret to me, 'that she had not made an effort in the first instance to get him into some public school, where he might have earned a scholarship.'

'Perhaps,' said she, 'I have been too proud in dreading to encounter a denial, yet for his sake, I ought to have applied to my kinswoman; she could have got George a presentation if she had pleased.'

'Can she not now stand his friend in allowing him a maintenance at college?' asked I.

'Ay,' rejoined Aggy, 'if she please, but I do not feel disposed to ask favours of those who scorn me.'

The widow drew her hand over her eyes, and remained for some minutes in deep but silent communings with her own soul, and then, after a long pause, she said, 'No one can be competent to offer counsel in this matter who is not acquainted with the real circumstances of the case, and there is no reason why I should conceal them from a true friend. In my early life I was one of those unfortunate individuals who have no settled station or place in society. Left an orphan at so tender an age, that I scarcely have any remembrance of my parents, I was brought up in the nursery of a proud and wealthy family, to whom I was, it seems, distantly related, but never otherwise acknowledged than as an object of charity. I was what is called a *humble* dependent; that is to say, a servant without wages—a creature with all the artificial wants and wishes belonging to a lady, without the slightest means of gratifying them. I was the lowly companion of the only daughter

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of the house, a spoiled and wayward girl about my own age, to whose caprices I was compelled to conform myself with the submission of a slave. I sometimes thought of the difference in our lots; but when I perceived how greatly my cousin Leonora was hated and feared by every living creature, except her parents, I did not wish to occupy her place, for her haughty and irritable temper rendered her a more pitiable person than myself. When Leonora had been presented at court, we had many gay doings at the hall, but the only share I had in them was to assist in the preparations, sometimes in the housekeeper's room, sometimes in the conservatories, and occasionally in the decorations of the saloons. I was at that happy time of life when occupation of any kind was pleasant, and I preferred anything to the weariness of being confined to Lady Wendover's dressing-room day after day, engaged in the drudgery of a dressmaker's assistant, under the superintendence of the lady's-maid, for whose blunders or negligence I alone was considered responsible, and was hourly exposed to revilings on my awkwardness, uselessness, and ingratitude. I longed for something in the shape of independence; but, without a connexion or friend in the world, how was it possible for me to escape from my Egyptian bondage? It was only in the gardens that I enjoyed freedom and repose from insult. I was passionately fond of flowers, and I had acquired a trifling knowledge of botany from my cousin's books, and assisting her in acquiring her lessons. But Leonora was not fond of study, and deputed the arrangement and classification of the plants to the gardener and me. William Durrant was a well educated young man, with a very fine person, engaging manners, and habits of a more refined and intellectual character than those of the steward or any others of the retainers of the family. He was a farmer's son, and never associated with the other servants. He treated me with a degree of respectful deference which I had never before received from any living creature. There was a sort of silent anticipation of all my wishes in everything he did; and as my wretchedness within my gilded prison-house increased, the dearer to me became the hour which was spent by me in collecting the flowers and evergreens for my daily task of dressing the vases with which the drawing-rooms and boudoirs were decorated.

I was never permitted to mix with the high-born guests with whom these splendid apartments were occasionally thronged, and if I by any chance encountered any of the gentlemen in my walks, I was regarded with looks of insolent curiosity; and at length I was insulted with a proposal of a dishonourable nature from one of the visitors. I indignantly applied to Lord and Lady Wendover for protection; and her ladyship observed, that "the boldness of my department must have invited such overtures;" and added, that "I was the offspring of a mis-alliance, and appeared disposed to disgrace the noble family in a greater degree than my mother had done." With a heart ready to burst at the injustice and cruelty of this treatment, I resolved to eat no longer of the bread which was so often steeped in my tears. I went to the housekeeper to announce to her my intentions of seeking a service, and asked her assistance and advice; but Mrs Shadwell was drawing up the programme of a large dinner that was to be given that day, and besought me not to tease her with such nonsense. I went to my cousin Leonora; she was practising a difficult piece of music for the evening display, and sharply reproved me for interrupting her. There was not one creature within that house who cared for my misery. Within an hour I had turned my back upon it; and, passing through the park gates, I took the road to the nearest town. When I had proceeded about a mile on my way, I was overtaken by William Durrant. He was much agitated, and asked me whither I was going. I replied, "To seek a service."

"Where, and with whom?" he demanded.

I told him, "I should inquire for a place in the town to which I was bending my steps."

"Pardon me," he replied, "if I tell you that it is impossible for any one in your situation to obtain what you seek."

"Why not?" I exclaimed; "I am young and strong, can work well with my needle, and am possessed of some useful knowledge."

William shook his head, and proceeded candidly, but respectfully, to point out to me those obstacles to my project which my profound ignorance of the world had prevented me from anticipating. No respectable family would receive me without a recommendation from Lady Wendover; and the manner in which I was quitting her protection would cause injurious reports and surmises to be cast upon my reputation. I burst into a hysterical passion of weeping and wringing my hands, and exclaimed, "What am I to do?"

"Return to the hall before your absence can have been observed," said William.

"That were only to expose myself to fresh taunts and insults more cruel than I have yet received," sobbed I.

"If," said William, "I might dare to ask you to partake of the humble home and true heart which I could offer, I would maintain you cheerfully with the labour of these hands, and shield you from all unkindness; no tender flower should be more fondly cherished, and more carefully guarded from the withering cold or scorching heat than you should be, if you would condescend to be the queen of my cottage, the partner of my life."

Till that moment I knew not how dear to me the man was who thus wooed me in the manly sincerity of true affection. I had no parents to outrage, no sisters to injure, no brothers to offend by a lowly marriage, and without hesitation I signified my consent to his proposal. We then returned to the hall by different paths; he to announce his intention of quitting Lord Wendover's service in a month, and I to endure with patience my trials till my affianced husband had made his arrangements for our union, by taking a small farm in his native county, Suffolk, and employing his savings in stocking it, and furnishing a house for my reception. When this was done, he returned to claim me, and, to the unspeakable indignation of my noble relations, I became his wife, and never for one moment repented of my choice.

In the active and endearing duties of conjugal and maternal ties, I enjoyed for many years as much happiness as can ever fall to the share of frail mortality. Those were my better days, and I bless God that I have seen them; for the memory thereof is sweet to me. My son, who had married an amiable young woman, died of a fever; and his wife did not survive the birth of my grandson George. This was a sore trial to me; but a sorer came when my manly true-hearted husband was called hence, and I saw him laid in the green churchyard, beside the grave of our only son. The lease of the farm fell that year; and for the sake of that young child who had been so solemnly intrusted to my care by his dying mother, I roused myself from the indulgence of useless sorrow to struggle for his maintenance. It was in active occupation that I found my surest cup of forgetfulness; and in the midst of my sorrow, I did not feel half so forlorn as when I sojourned in the stately mansion of my proud kindred, as a despised pensioner on their stinted bounties, without a defined duty or a reasonable object in life.

It is now twenty years since I hired this pretty cottage, and undertook the cultivation of the market garden for the support of my orphan grandson. He early manifested abilities of a superior order, and inclinations that made me desirous of obtaining for him the advantages of a liberal education; and having done all that Heaven permitted me to place him in a sphere where his talents might have fair scope, I cannot help regretting that I cannot do more. Sometimes my thoughts have wandered to my kindred, but nearly five-and-forty years have elapsed since any intercourse has taken place between us. Lord and Lady Wendover have long been dead. Leonora married a gentleman of equal fortunes

to her own. Like me, she has been a widow for upwards of twenty years, and might assist my youthful descendant if she would, but my experience of her haughty and capricious disposition in early life has hitherto withheld me from applying to her.'

I represented to the venerable widow the possibility of advancing the interests of her grandson with a powerful relative, who was at present unconscious of his existence. That consideration prevailed with her; the letter was written to the Honourable Mrs St Maury, and posted; but no answer was vouchsafed. Aggy Durrant expressed neither surprise nor disappointment; she knew the nature of her she had addressed too well to expect any favourable result; and after a fortnight of anxious hope and fear on the part of the young student had worn away, she took him by the hand, and repeated the words of the poet Gay—

Were I to curse the man I hate,
Attendance and dependence be his fate.

George blushed deeply, and his grandmother continued, 'You will never find your way to college by watching the postman, my boy.'

'Then I must seek some other path to reach that goal,' replied George.

A few days after this conversation, George Durrant obtained an engagement as tutor to a baronet's son, whom he was to accompany to Eton. Old Aggy considered this engagement as a stepping-stone to learned fame and honourable independence. She preserved her usual quiet course of active useful occupation. She reared her cabbages, her peas, and cauliflowers, as usual; retailed her strawberries, her cherries, her pippins, and pears in their season; she mentioned the name of her haughty kinswoman no more; and if she thought of her, it was only with a feeling of satisfaction, that George Durrant was in a fair way of obtaining a scholarship at Oxford by his own honourable exertions. Several terms at Eton passed before George was able to spend a vacation with his aged relative; and then he came full of joy. The wish of both their hearts was accomplished—he was to accompany his pupil to Oxford. Old Aggy now began to busy herself in preparing linen and other necessities for his use at college. Some of her purchases at the neighbouring town were wrapped up in an old Morning Post, and, as she unfolded it, her eye was attracted by a familiar name, and she read, 'Died, on the 23rd of May, at Wendover Hall, Yorkshire, after a short illness, Wendover St Maury, Esq., the grandson and latest descendant of the Honourable Leonora St Maury, the only daughter of the late Lord Wendover. It is said that the numerous estates of this ancient family will be inherited by a distant relation in humble life.'

Aggy Durrant glanced at the graceful figure and ingenuous countenance of the last scion of the haughty line of her maternal ancestry with a trembling feeling of delight, as the stately old hall, in all its solemn grandeur, and the widely-extended domains of Wendover, returned to her memory; but she spoke not to him of the change in his prospects, for she knew the vanity of youth, and the deceitfulness of the human heart, and dreaded lest the anticipation of his future greatness should have an injurious effect on his character. He went to Oxford, and returned no more to Woodfield till he had taken his degree. Old Aggy was a proud and happy woman on the following Sunday, when she entered our little church leaning on the arm of the youthful bachelor of arts. The mother of Cardinal Wolsey never felt greater satisfaction in the academic honours of her learned boy, than old Aggy did on this occasion.

That week a letter sealed with black arrived at the Woodfield post-office, directed to Mrs Agnes Durrant.

Aggy trembled and turned pale as she extended her hand to receive it. 'It is to announce her death—the death of the lady of Wendover Hall!' she said as she broke the seal. She was mistaken; it was from the lady herself, requiring her immediate presence at Wen-

dover Hall with her grandson, and inclosing a £50 note for the expenses of their journey, which the Honourable Mrs St Maury requested might be respectfully performed.

The gossip of the village had almost given over wondering at the unaccountable proceedings of old Aggy Durrant; though they continued to cabal together when they met at the town well, and other places of public controversy, at her unreasonable conduct in persisting in bringing up her grandson for a gentleman; 'and the worst of it was,' some of them said, 'that he had actually been taken for a gentleman by the whole village before they traced him to old Aggy's cottage, and then people guessed who he was.' But even those praiseworthy members of the community who attended to their own business rather than to the doings of their neighbours, were filled with surprise one day on seeing a post-chaise drive up to old Aggy Durrant's door. At first it was supposed to contain some gentleman or lady, who came to purchase choice plants or roots of Aggy. But no—it was 'the Scampton Angel post-shay,' and had certainly been ordered for the said Aggy's use. Aggy herself appeared, clad in the unwonted grandeur of a new black silk cloak and bonnet, trimmed with crape. She was attended by her grandson, the young Oxonian, who, with an animated countenance, assisted her to enter the vehicle, then springing in after her, took his seat by her side. The Scampton Angel post-boy cracked his whip, and the real *po-shay* with its freight rattled up the turnpike-road, with all the Woodfield imps scampering after it, in hopes of catching a stolen ride behind. 'It was very evident that old Aggy Durrant was somebody after all, and had gone back into the shires again,' the neighbours said, as they gazed at the cloud of dust by which the progress of the Scampton Angel post-chaise might be traced for a quarter of a mile on the turnpike road.

In due time the travellers arrived in Yorkshire; and at the last stage, they found the Honourable Mrs St Maury's carriage and four, with two out-riders, waiting to convey them to Wendover Hall. I will not describe the mingled feelings with which the eyes of the widow of William Durrant overflowed as she raised them to the once familiar home of her childhood, and memory brought back the rainbow lights and shades of years long past away. Her reverie was, however, interrupted by an immediate summons to the presence of the lady of the hall. Leaning on the arm of her grandson, she followed the servant to the state saloon. In the ante-room through which they passed, all the servants and tenantry of the Wendover estates were assembled, who saluted them with profound obeisance as they proceeded to the saloon, at the upper end of which, clad in the deepest mourning, and supported by pillows, sat the fast fading Leonora St Maury, reposing, as it were, on the awful threshold of that new and untried state of existence to which she was rapidly passing.

When her visitors were announced, she arose from her crimson velvet *fauteuil*, and taking the weeping Aggy by the hand, saluted her by the name of 'Cousin Agnes;' and leading her into the ante-room, she presented her to the assembled tenants and dependents as the heiress of Wendover Hall, and their future lady.

'My time here is short,' she added; 'I have survived my last descendant; and when I am gone, the law of entail will vest the succession to the land of Wendover in the person of my cousin, Agnes Durrant, widow, the granddaughter and representative of my father, the late Lord Wendover's only brother, the Honourable Josalin Wendover. The heiress of the hall had never heard so much of her pedigree before, and now it was too late in the day, as she afterwards observed, to be of much importance, unless for the sake of her youthful descendant, George Durrant. The Honourable Mrs St Maury, before she died, exacted a promise from him, that he should take the name and arms of Wendover. She expressed much satisfaction that her cousin had given

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a suitable education to the heir of their ancient house. And old Aggy has lived to see the boy for whose support she had tilled the market garden of Woodfield called to the House of Peers by the style and title of Lord Wendover, of Wendover.

'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING' FOR 1844.

Turs has always been one of the most respectable of the annuals, and it seems destined to be amongst the latest survivors of the class. The volume for this year—much larger than it used to be a few years ago—possesses all that elegance of pictorial embellishment, typography, and external decoration, which fits the annual for a Christmas present; and, what we are more interested in, the literary matter is generally good—for which the names of Mr Procter, Mrs Hall, Mr Leitch Ritchie, and Miss Toulmin, are, indeed, a pretty fair guarantee.

There is a paper on the Bonkah, or dandy of India, by Captain Bellew, which contains some remarks that strike us as flowing from a mind of a more philosophical cast than is generally found in the ranks of light literature. 'Society in some parts of India,' says Captain Bellew, 'and in other countries of Asia, particularly among the Mohammedans, appears to be much in the same state of advancement in most respects at present as was that of our own country in the days of Harry VIII., or of the mis-called "good Queen Bess," when my "grave Lord Keeper led the brawls." Masques and mummeries delighted the full-grown babies of the age, and "fayre savages covered with ivy" spouted nauseous flatteries by the hour to kings and queens—when, truly, "who peppered the highest was surest to please;" when men of the greatest minds, crushed by the dread of irresistible power, licked the dust which tyrants trode; when heads rolled for words lightly spoken, and fire and fagot were the "sovereign'th thing on earth" for non-conformists and the cure of error; an age in which men were always either playing the fool or playing the devil, and yet, strange to say, amidst whose moral twilight arose those two great burning and shining lights—a Shakespeare and a Bacon.

War pageantry, costly habiliments, splendid attire—all that dazzles the eye—superstition—childishness—sycophancy—astrology—puerile conceits—inflated language—a vitiated taste, and a great esteem for wisdom and learning, with very imperfect notions of both, constitute in so many words the prominent marks of their stage of progression. In the mail-clad Indian chieftain, armed in proof from top to toe, on his barbed steed, smorting and caracoling, as if proud of his burden and of his glittering housings, I have sometimes fancied myself looking on a Marmion or a Surrey, or perhaps some fiery Hotspur of an earlier age. When accompanying the Thakoor, or village lord of Rajasthan or Bundelkund, with hawk and hound, on his sporting excursions in his rumnahs or preserves, or, seated in his castle or barree, amongst his retainers, his family priests, and his minstrels, the feudal baron or wealthy Franklin has risen to my mental view. In the gray-bearded ministers of kings and princes, with their wise saws, sage counsels, unworthy flatteries, and excessive deference for legal power, I have fancied that I looked upon the exact prototypes (saving a slight difference of hue) of the Burleighs, the Mores, and the Cromwells of yore. Conversing with the moollahs and holy men, I have thought that I recognised the reasonings and exact constitution of mind characteristic of our Cranmers, Jewels, and Latimers, or the sapient Jamie himself. I have heard the privileged jester crack his jokes in the presence of the prince, where others were respectfully silent; and in many a dissipated young Mohammedan Bonkah, liping his Rindie Bolee (literally, woman's language), have imagined that I saw a Sir Piercie Shafton, or such a one as he who "smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting gentlewoman," to the grievous annoyance

of the choleric Hotspur. *Similar states of mental progress produce similar fruits*, which are modified by religion and climate. What is the Durgah of the Peer* but the tomb of the saint? who can fail to perceive the palmer in the hadji or pilgrim journeying to Mecca, and in the moollah or fakier and his rosary the monk and his beads? The same insecurity of life and the same barbaric magnificence prevail in the East as so long reigned in the West. Chiefs and their feudal tenants abound, whilst a country studded with castles and strongholds betokens a weak executive: in a land where each petty chief bids defiance to his liege lord, the blessing of order must be unknown; and these things bring Europe of the middle ages, with some few points of difference, most forcibly to the observant mind.

As a pleasant contrast to the above, we add a sketch of humour from the pen of Miss Camilla Toulmin:—

* I sat down to rest on an old tombstone,
By grass and wild-flowers all overgrown,
But through wild-flowers and grass I was able to scan
The legend it bore, which thus began:

"In memory of a darling wife,
The joy and solace of my life,
This stone is raised by him who now,
Longing, himself awaits the blow
When death shall kindly lay him low;
For death, so cruel to divide,
Alone can place us side by side.

Also in memory of"—was underneath;
But here the weeds had formed a sort of wreath,
So that I could not see
The village poetry;
Although I knew it then
Turned to that "best of men"
Himself, who doubtless followed to the grave
The lost and loved his anguish could not save!
I should have said

That at the head,
Where was recounted this sad tale,
A stooping figure seemed to wall,
And with one wing was clearly trying
(A stony wing not meant for flying)
To wipe away the stony tears
That, after five-and-thirty years
(So from the battered date appears),
Still coursed adown the stony cheeks,
Whose many weather-beaten streaks,
Neighbour'd too by a broken nose,
And loss of fingers and of toes,
Proclaimed that either rude old Time,
Or Slumberwell's ungenial clime,
Had shown but small respect to one
Who through all trials still wept on.

Mine was a kind of waking dream;
And while I pondered, there did seem
A sort of radiance to gleam,

Which I could plainly trace,
As it did quickly chase
From the stone angel's face
All signs of woe;
While there did grow,
Curling the lip the while,
A most indubitable smile;
And but a minute after,
With smothered laughter,
The bruised and broken thing,
Still resting on one wing,

Bade me in voice, though low yet clear,
To tear away the weeds that grew so near;
Murmuring the while, "Ah! when the first lay here,
He used to come and water with a tear
The earth that covered her—even he had grasp,
And wreaths of flowers around me clasp;
He said he envied me, that I should ever be
Near the sad home of his dear Emily;
Yet somehow, after a few weeks were gone,
He used to leave me very much alone;
The flowers he twined around my arm
Were faded quite before he did return;
And soon he made his visits few and far between,
Till for three months at once he was not seen.
But when at last he came, no tear was shed
Upon his Emily's low narrow bed;
And oh! the next time that he came,
I did not know him for the same.
Subles were doffed; he smiled and looked so gay—
I should observe, he only passed this way

* The shrine of the Mohammedan saint.

To church upon his second bridal day!"
I started as I tore away
The grass and wild-flowers that had grown
Cloud-like around the lettered stone.
And thus I read—

"In memory of dear Jane,
The second wife of Walter Blanc."

"Go on," the stony figure said;
And, half indignant, half in dread,
I turned to my fierce work again,
And grass and wild-flowers tore again,
Till there appeared another name,
And to the third—third—wife I came!

Now, though no doubt it would be wittier,
And look on paper far the prettier,
To rail against false fickle man
(Who only has been "fickle" since the world began!)
It seems to me a happy thought,
A ray of Heaven's mercy caught,
That Time—abuse him as we will—
Has power to soothe our sorrows still;
And though the living may not fill
Quite up the void the aching heart
Feels when the loved one doth depart,
It is a happy dispensation
That they should make some compensation!

TITLES OF HONOUR.

AMONG barbarous nations there are no family names. Men are known by titles of honour, by titles of disgrace, or by titles given to them on account of some individual quality. A brave man will be called the lion, a ferocious one the tiger. Others are named after a signal act of their lives, or from some peculiarity of personal appearance; such as the slayer-of-three-bears, the taker-of-so-many-scalps, or straight limbs, long nose, and so on. Some of these—especially such as express approbation or esteem—are worn as proudly by their savage owners, as that of duke or marquis is by European nobles. They confer a distinction which begets respect and deference amongst the tribes, and individuals so distinguished obtain the places of honour at feasts; they are the leaders in battle. It is nearly the same in modern civilised life: titled personages are much sought after and feted by the tribes of untitled; and are, moreover, the leaders of fashion. The only difference between the savage and civilised titles of honour is, that in the former case they can only be obtained by deeds: they must be earned; which is not always the case with modern distinctions.

In the social and political systems of modern nations, all titles of honour originally took their rise from official employments; but in many cases the duties have been abandoned, while the titles, which they at first conferred, are retained. This is the case with the five orders of British peerage, and with the baronetcy and knighthood. Amongst us, a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight, have at the present time no official duties to discharge in consequence of their titles. It is not so, however, in some parts of Germany, and amongst the nations of the East. The highest of all titles—that of king or ruler—on the contrary, has never been merely honorary; the responsible duties of government having always been coupled with it. As might be expected, the most extravagant superlatives which language could supply have been added to the honorary designation of the supreme ruler; especially in oriental countries, where the poetical figure of hyperbole flourishes in the greatest excess. The most powerful of all monarchs is the emperor of China; his subjects believe him to be Heaven's sole vicegerent upon earth. Hence his titles are the 'Son of Heaven,' and 'Ten Thousand Years.' This is somewhat akin to our own legal axiom—that the king *never* dies; which is nevertheless true of the mere dignity. In an official document received by the governor of Bengal from the general of the Chinese forces, the emperor is styled 'the flower of the imperial race, the sun of the firmament of honour, the resplendent gem in the crown and throne of the Chinese territories.' His imperial highness is not supposed to possess these distinctions upon

groundless pretensions; for he claims to be brother of the sun, cousin-german to the moon, and professes to be connected by ties of relationship to every one of the stars. In short, the emperor is considered the concentrated essence of all worldly distinction; in other words, 'the sun of the firmament of honour'; for, besides him, there is no aristocracy in China—no strictly honorary titles but those he monopolises. Every dignity must be gained by learning and merit; and there are no titles whatever, except his own, which have not their official duties. There is no hereditary nobility in China.

The titles claimed by the Shah of Persia are not less extravagant than those of the Chinese monarch. In a treaty concluded with Sir John Malcolm in behalf of the British government, he calls himself 'the high king, the king of the universe, the phenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe, a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed; and a variety of other outrageous similitudes, which it would be tedious to recite. His subordinate officers imitate him in this respect. The governor of Shiraz, for instance, adds to his official designations the following savoury similitudes:—The flower of courtesy, the nutmeg of consolation, and the rose of delight.—Some of the titles assumed by the sultan of Turkey consist of high-flown comparisons with the Deity, which are carried to the point of blasphemy. He, as well as the Chinese emperor, claims a near relationship to the sun and moon. He declares himself to be, moreover, 'the disposer of crowns,' although during the present century he has had enough ado—honest man—to keep his own on his head.

Russia unites Asia with Europe, and we naturally pass to a consideration of the autocrat who styles himself 'Emperor of all the Russias.' This, however, is a modern appellation, that of czar (kaiser)—the Slavonic for 'king'—having been always given to him from the earliest times.* Most European rulers are kings (from the Teutonic word *cuning*, signifying either knowledge—from which we get 'ken'—or potentially, giving us the auxiliary verb 'can'); some, however, assume to be emperors, from the Roman *imperator*.—The kings of Spain were formerly so encumbered with titles, that in 1586 Phillip III. ordained that he should be termed simply, *el rey, nuestro señor*—the king, our lord.' Indeed Spain may be considered the hot-bed of unmeaning and ignoble titles, though there are some persons of good and ancient family who have titles of real honour. The king of Spain is called his Catholic Majesty; the higher nobility are counts, and, as with us, marquises and dukes. The precedence of persons holding these distinctions, as to who shall rank next after the princes of the blood, is settled by the king. This select few have the privilege of being covered in the royal presence, and are styled illustrious, and addressed, like the pope, with 'your Eminence.' The inferior nobility of Spain call themselves caballeros (knights) and hidalgos (gentlemen). Most of the nobles are on grand occasions covered with orders and other insignia. These are so cheap in many parts of the continent, that persons of very indifferent reputation often obtain them; hence the Spanish proverb, that 'formerly rogues were hung on crosses; now crosses are hung on rogues.' It frequently happened in former times, that, from the peculiar Spanish law of tenure, many small estates descended to the same individual, the names of which the owner added to his own. Illustrative of this, there is a story in the Spanish jest-books of a benighted grandee who knocked at a lonely

*Some etymologists trace the word czar to 'Cesar,' of which they affirm it to be a corruption; but the reverse is the fact: *Cæsar* is the Latinised form of *kaiser* or *czar*. Richardson, quoting *l'art*, a native etymologist, says that *kaiser*, *imperator*, or more strictly 'watcher,' is a word acknowledged and used by all ancient dialects.

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inn, and when asked, as usual, *quien es?*—'who is there?' replied, 'Don Diego de Mendoza, Siloa Ribera, Guzman Pimentel, Osorio Ponce de Leon Zuniga, Acuna Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Roxas, Velasco Man.' 'In that case,' interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, 'go your way; I have not room for half of you.' A great many titular distinctions in Spain have been levelled by the succession of revolutionary shocks which that unfortunate country has sustained within the last forty years.

The Germans cling to all sorts of titles with the most tenacious fondness, and often assume them without any right to do so. Many of the genuine titles are purchased; some persons buying land to which a title is annexed. This venality even exceeds what it did in France under her most corrupt régime. The most common honorary appellation is *Geheimrath*, or privy councillor; but few are really entitled to assume it; inasmuch that those who are, put *true* after the designation. Every person is very sensitive about being properly addressed. To accost a gentleman, as in England, with *sir* (*mein herr*), is almost an insult; it is necessary to find out his office or profession. The commonest title is 'rath,' there being a rath for every profession. An architect is a *banrath*; an advocate *justizrath*; and a person with no profession at all contrives to be made a *hofrath* (court councillor), an unmeaning designation, mostly given to those who are never in a situation to give advice at court. The title of professor is also much abused. It is far safer in Germany to attribute a rank greater than the person addressed is entitled to, than to fall beneath the mark. Hence an Englishman is often surprised by hearing himself called *Mr Count* (*Herr Graff*), or *Eur Graden* (*Your Grace*). 'Every man who holds any public office,' says Russell in his *Tour in Germany*, 'should it be merely that of an under clerk with a paltry salary of L.40 a-year, must be gratified by hearing his title, not his name.' Neither are the ladies behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. 'A wife insists upon taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There are *Madame Generaless*, *Madame Privy Councillors*, *Madame Daybook-keepers*, and a hundred others.' These titles, as may be readily imagined, sometimes extend to an unpronounceable length. Conceive, for instance, a foreigner's powers of utterance taxed to the extent of addressing a lady as '*Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin*;' in other words, *Mrs Directress of the Upper Consistory Court*. In France, titles of honour were abolished at the Revolution; in the present day, however, counts, and other members of the old aristocracy, retain their titles among their own private friends by courtesy. The legislative function of peer gives no personal title. Badges of honour are exceedingly prevalent: the cross of the legion of honour, with its gay ribbon, 'decorates' the button holes of almost half the grown male population of France.

On the continent, the extreme abundance of titles causes their owners to obtain but little respect; but in England, the case is different. The royal prerogative of creating knights and nobles is—except on very rare occasions—exercised with much greater circumspection than it is, and used to be, by neighbouring potentates; the honour, therefore, to the distinguished few, is highly prized. The feeling of loyalty is nowhere so fervent and sincere as in Great Britain; not only the 'fountain of honour itself,' but the honours that flow from it, are held in great esteem. The ruler of the country is said to be 'by the grace of God queen (or king) of Great Britain and Ireland;' with, however, the irrational addition of 'defender of the faith'—a faith which has ceased to be that of the state. The title of prince only belongs in this country to the sons and nephews of kings. The ducal was originally a Roman dignity, derived from *dux* *exercituum*, or commanders of armies; but under the later emperors, the governor of a province was entitled *dux*, or leader, whence our word is derived. The first duke—as we now apply

the title—was Edward the Black Prince, created Duke of Cornwall; a titular honour, which ever since has belonged to the king's eldest son during the life of his parent; so that he is called in heraldic parlance *dux natus*, or a born duke. After him there were many *duces creati*, or dukes who were created in such manner that their titles should descend to posterity. But in 1572, during the reign of Elizabeth, the dignity became extinct. Half a century afterwards, it was renewed by James, who created his favourite George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. The sons of peers in Great Britain and Ireland have not formally any noble rank; but by courtesy the eldest son always bears the second title of the family, if there be one, while the younger sons receive the appellation of lords, if the paternal rank be not under that of an earl. The second order is that of marquis, connected with which was once the duty of guarding the frontiers or limits of the kingdom, called marches, from the Teutonic word *marche*. The persons who had this command were called 'lords marches,' or marquesses. The office was legally abolished by Henry VIII., after it had long fallen into disuse; but the title remained. A marquis is addressed as 'most noble,' but more in conformity with herald's authority, as 'most honourable.' Of all honorary distinctions, none is so ancient as that of earl. We derive it from the Saxon word *eorl*, which means elder, and it is a little startling to find that two such dissimilar dignities as earl and alderman have a common origin; but so it appears; for the Saxon earls were called *ealdormen*, otherwise seniors or senators; and it would appear that, besides assisting in the general government, as is implied by this designation, they were also *schiremen*, or custodiers of divisions of shires. After the Norman conquest, these functionaries took the French name of counts, but which they did not long retain; though to this day their shires are called counties, and their wives countesses. The earl ceased to trouble himself with county business at an early period, deputing it to a subordinate officer, called *vice-comes* (in Saxon, *scyre*, a shire, and *reve*, a steward or sheriff), whence sprung the fourth degree of peerage—viscounts; 'which,' saith Cowell, 'is not an old name of office, but a new one of dignity, never heard of amongst us till Henry VI. his days.' With this uprise the viscounts or sheriffs got, like their official predecessors the earls, above their business, and the local affairs of the country are now superintended by the lord-lieutenant and his deputy, and by sheriffs. The history and etymology of the barons are involved in great obscurity.

The wives and daughters of all peers partake more or less in the titular honours of their relatives, except the female relations of the prelate, who are plain Mrs and Miss. All peers, except 'their graces' the dukes, are addressed as 'my lord,' so that when we include the lords by courtesy not in the peerage, 'my lords' of the treasury and admiralty, lords-lieutenant, the Scottish lords of session (facetiously denominated 'paper lords'), lords provost, and the three lords mayor (of London, York, and Dublin), it will be seen that the lords of this empire are in great variety.

The next downward step in the ladder of dignity takes us out of the peerage into the baronetage. The title of baronet is compounded of baron and the diminutive termination *et*, which makes it to signify a baron of lesser degree. The order was instituted by James I., at the suggestion of Sir Robert Cotton, in 1611. It is the lowest honorary title which is hereditary. Next come the knights, whose history goes back to that of ancient Rome, for in that empire it was the second degree of nobility. It was conferred in the chivalric times upon every person of good birth, to qualify him to give challenges, and to perform feats of arms. The honour has, however, gradually extended itself to persons whose habits are the reverse of military; who are dubbed, in Shakspeare's phrase, solely upon 'carpet consideration.'

The title of esquire—the next in order—has become

as unmeaning in England as that of privy councillor in Germany. What the designation originally meant, is ascertained by the origin of the word, which is traced to the Latin *scutifer*, or shield bearer. They were men-at-arms, and attended knights 'to the wars.' Camden enumerates five orders of the rank, the last being 'such as hold any superior rank, public office, or serve the prince in any worshipful calling.' This is sufficiently vague, to take in a very large class of persons; hence it has been a subject of great dispute and much doubt amongst our wisest lawyers, to whom the title of esquire properly belongs. Blackstone and Coke have written on the subject, and the question has been recently agitated with great vigour by the worshipful petty sessions of Kensington.

In such high estimation are titles held, that even to be associated ever so indirectly with one is considered an honour. Hence the middle ranks of English society have been described, not without justice, as a body of tuft-hunters. These persons have a kind of reverence, an awe—not so much for the nobility in their proper persons, as for their titles. They know the peerage, baronetage, and knightage by heart. They deem the smallest omission on the superscription of a letter, or in verbally addressing a noble, as an unpardonable sin. We have heard of a military poet—himself owning the title of lieutenant in a foot regiment—who, in writing some verses on Waterloo, conveyed one of his reminiscences of the battle in the following heraldic couplet:—

'Step forth, Lieutenant Cobden, of her majesty's hundred and second foot—step forth unto the front,'
Cried Major General Sir Hussey Vivian, K. C.B.—'and bear the battle's brunt!'

Titles are in this country a part of our political system, and as such, receive the sanction of many friends of our institutions, who otherwise care little about them. The example of America shows that they may be formally excluded from a country, whilst a strong inclination to use them, however obliquely, still remains. In that republic all such distinctions are *theoretically* renounced as unworthy of a free and enlightened nation. Mere honorary distinctions are not by the constitution allowed; yet in no country in the world are titles so worshipped. M. de Beaumont, a French traveller, who may be considered disinterested, declares, 'Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends on whether you are a duke, marquis, count, or nothing. The meanest driver,' this writer continues, 'of a diligence styles himself *gentleman*, and no one who has attained a position the least above the mass of men ever fails to take the title of esquire.' The members of congress, and every local legislature, is styled the 'honourable Mr So and So,' which is the only civil rank, except esquire, in vogue. Yet all the means and appliances of titular nobility are eagerly adopted. Heraldic insignia are much affected, and even spurious vanities are sported on family vehicles.

One class of people, who abound in America, namely, the 'Society of Friends,' abandon every vestige of titular distinction, be it ever so simple; and in this respect are at least consistent, for they scrupulously practise what they preach. Excepting this upright class of men, we know of no portion of mankind, civilised or otherwise, who disdain to seek for or to use titles. In this, indeed, there seems remarkably little distinction. To the high, titles appear almost a necessary part of their existence, although we have heard them complained of as a load which would be very willingly resigned. To the most humble in station they are perhaps still more fondly clung to. Every workman is desirous of being spoken to as *Mr*; and his respectable wife, who requires no such adjunct, is addressed as *Mistress*. In short, from high to low, throughout all grades, is this craving manifest. Viewed in the abstract, titles are not things worthy of desire, and they must be considered as failing in their object when applied without distinction as to

merit or any other qualification. Absurd or insignificant, however, as they too frequently are, they may be considered as not altogether useless. Classing them with many other things which philosophy would disown, they are to be viewed as in some respects essential to the present tastes and habits of society, and therefore worthy of all the toleration usually accorded to social arrangements in themselves indifferent or unobjectionable.

THE LEGEND OF THE HAPPY VALLEY.

ONE of the chief delights of travelling, especially in the woods, wilds, and prairies of the vast American continent, is to light upon some strange and quaint wanderer who can beguile the hours of repose with anecdotes and recollections of his past life. I rarely failed, on putting up at a hotel, whether it was the far-famed Tremont of Boston, the somewhat less celebrated Tremont of Galveston, a road-side shanty, or venerable log, to find one of these retailers of traditionary lore in the shape of backwoodsman, leather-stocking, bee-hunter, or red man. The latter was ever most welcome; for though the hunting scrapes of the former were always interesting, yet about the Indian—though I never was a believer in their elevated character, demeanour, and intellect—there was yet on all occasions something new, fresh, and to a European, however sceptical concerning their good qualities, something of secret and mysterious interest. This feeling is so strongly implanted in our nature from early association of ideas, and from the opinions we have formed of the native inhabitants of Columbia in the fascinating pages of the American novelist, that we endeavour, when coming in contact with Indian tribes, and finding our preconceived opinions very much shocked, to persuade ourselves that we have fallen on a bad specimen of the great family—that we have but to travel further, to explore more carefully, and we shall find that all are not so dirty, lazy, and treacherous as those we have met with. Be this as it may, I shall not easily forget the emotions of pleasure which filled my mind when, on dismounting after a weary day's journey, and crossing the threshold of the low shanty which served the purpose of an inn, at the upper ford of the Sabine, I saw standing erect before the fire, habited as nearly as possible in the costume of a white American hunter, an Indian. He was one of those who, without exactly dwelling either with his tribe or with the settlers, lived on the confines of both. In the village of the Wacco Indians he had his wigwam: true, he had no squaw, and his sons had all followed the war-path to return no more. In the white man's settlements there were whisky, tobacco, and powder, and the Indian's rare skill as a hunter enabled him to exchange the produce of his untiring labour for such articles as he most coveted. In the wigwam of White Hawk were more knives, and blankets, and guns, than in any other, though he had no squaw or young men; but White Hawk distributed his goods with a liberal hand among his people, and was a great chief. These facts I learned in a very few seconds from my landlady, the thin, yellow, but still healthy wife of a borderer. I intimated my intention of supping, and invited the Indian to join me. He did not decline the offer. Thirty years of constant intercourse with the invaders of his soil had taught him their habits and language, and White Hawk could use a knife and fork, relish salt, drink whisky-toddy, and, what is more, speak English, all with equal facility and readiness. French, indeed, was better known to him—perhaps no Louisianian creole spoke it more purely—but then the languages bear more affinity one to another than his and ours, and we accordingly conversed in French, especially considering the fact, that it was the native dialect of our hostess. We talked animatedly for hours; I listened, however, more than I spoke, and wondered still more. The man had travelled immensely. In every state of the Union he had left a trail behind him, and in Texas his footsteps

crossed one another in all directions. He told me many and wonderful stories, and among others one to which I listened so eagerly, that the Indian could not refrain from a smile. Though, I believe, to such Americans as have wandered beyond the edge of their vast frontier it is not unknown, to few of my English readers can it be familiar, unless in some obscure hints which travellers may have thrown out concerning it. I would give it in the Indian's words, but I fear few would thank me for my fidelity. Preserving, then, the facts without addition, retrenchment, or alteration, I lay it before the public.

Nawata-taoni was the chief of a small tribe of Peorias who inhabited the foot of the Rocky Mountains, between Fort Leavenworth and the bursting of the Arkansas from its rocky prison, and who hunted buffalo during the summer on the wide and boundless prairies which stretch from that great Alpine chain to the abodes of men. The Sioux, that fierce and indomitable tribe of warlike Indians, who claim an extent of territory equal to some of the most powerful empires of Europe, and who, in support of that claim, go about like raging wolves seeking whom they may devour, took it one day into their heads to destroy this little band of Peorias. Knowing the deep cunning and valour of Nawata-taoni, they chose a day when he was absent in treaty with a neighbouring chief of the Kaskaskias, and falling upon the village unawares, took the scalp of every warrior, and bore the women and children into captivity. The men who did this deed were sixty in number, and though thus far successful, they knew that the squaws would mock them, the old men shake their heads, and deny them the title of braves, if they brought not in the tuft of Nawata-taoni. The chief returned to his village to find it desolate, destroyed, annihilated; and, though alone, he vowed vengeance upon his persecutors. Life had lost all its charms; there was nothing left but to revenge and die. Knowing well that his enemies were thirsting for his blood, he thought it prudent to hide for some time, until they should have returned to their winter-quarters, when he could come forth and lay his deep and hopeful plans of retaliation. With his faithful bow, his quiver full of unerring arrows, he turned to the mountains, there to secrete himself. He moved but slowly, as he used the most careful precautions to conceal his trail; walking in the bed of running streams, taking his way with his face to the spot whence he came, leaping through a dense forest for miles, without ever touching the ground, the trees being his path, until at length, at the expiration of a week, he found himself on a ledge of hard rock, that could not leave even the most faint trace of human footsteps. The chief followed it. It led between two lofty hills, becoming every moment more narrow; at length he reached its termination, and a sight burst upon the Indian's view which even at that desolate moment made his heart leap with gratitude and unspeakable emotions. At his feet lay a lovely valley, or rather hollow, for, save where he stood, there appeared no gap or break in the hills; a sward, green and smooth as a lawn, ran down from the crest of the rock to a lake which bristled with sparkling springs, each rising like a *jet d'eau* of art, and falling again into the bubbling bosom of that sweet piece of water. Groves dotted the scene all around, and on the sides of the hills were dense thickets and woods, which promised abundance of game. The chief walked slowly down to the banks of the lake; it was teeming with fish. He walked nearly round it; a river escaped from one end, a mighty stream in its very birth, and at some distance was heard the roar of waters. But nowhere did the restless searching eye of Nawata-taoni detect the slightest evidence to prove that mortal man had ever trod that spot. A smile of grim satisfaction passed over the warrior's face, as he determined to take up his abode in it, there to baffle his enemies for a time, and then to found another tribe; once more to have wigwams about him, and then—his dark eye glistened,

and became big with deadly meaning—he was thinking of the fifty reeking scalps which hung up in the lodges of his hated enemies the Sioux. His first care was to build a small and convenient hut, to manufacture traps for beaver, and fishing-tackle for the speckled trout. Of both, the lake and stream afforded abundance. Then, laying aside his bow and arrows, he plunged into the river—whose high, rough, and precipitous banks forbade any other mode of exploring it—to find where it led to, and to discover if it afforded any facility for the secret advance of an enemy. He swam along quietly, his eyes scanning every gap and fissure in the rocks, until he felt the current become violent, the roar of waters more loud, and, dashing out, he made the right bank of the stream. Clambering amid pointed rocks and loose stones, he soon gained a spot from whence he saw the river of the Happy Valley escaping in a gigantic fall of some hundred feet or so into another and equally extraordinary place. The chief sat down upon a fragment of granite, and gazed around him. The bed of the river presented a singular aspect; in the middle it was a smooth though rushing stream, while on both sides were caverns, and arches, and gullies, through which the mad water fiercely bubbled, escaping through vents which its own impetuosity had carved out. Nawata approached to the very edge of the cliff, looked down upon the smooth grass and green woods of this other valley, and smiled; then, as if satisfied with his survey, he leaped once more into the water, and returned to his hut. On a first inspection, he had imagined that the lake and stream were one body of water; but a more careful survey caused him to discover, that though the river took its origin certainly in the hundred springs of this lively sheet of water which supplied him with fish, beavers' fur, and beavers' tails, yet the river burst from a cavern some twenty feet from the lake, the connecting interval being subterraneous.

Almost a month had passed, and Nawata-taoni began to think he had baffled his enemies. There was, he found, no lack of beaver or trout; the woods afforded him squirrels, and racoons, and turkeys; and in the immense valley below the falls he had seen, though as yet without pursuing them, many a buffalo. Every day added to his knowledge of the locality, and every day to his settled determination of peopling the valley of Nawata, as in his pride he called it. He had already enlarged, ornamented, and garnished his hut with furs and skins, and placed it where a village could conveniently surround it; he had laid out the line of wigwams in his eye; the maize fields for the squaws to labour in; the tree which was to be hewn down on the days which should summon his new tribe to the war-path, to follow the trail of the murdering and lying Sioux. About the dusk of one evening, which gave sign of a stormy and disagreeable night, Nawata sat at his tent door, resting on a luxurious heap of beavers' skins, and smoking out of a rude pipe the most aromatic leaves of the forest. His keen restless eye ranged all around; his nice ear, alive to the faintest sound, was ever listening for the footsteps of the foe. Why does Nawata start, lay aside his pipe, and stand erect on the threshold of his hut, clutching with eager grasp the handle of his tomahawk? Next minute his bow is bent, an arrow flies from it, a loud cry is heard, and fifty dark and yelling forms burst from the narrow entrance whence Nawata had gazed upon the peaceful and Happy Valley, now changed into the abode of wild and infuriated savages; who, rushing down the gentle slope with triumph glaring in their eyes, seek to clutch their victim. It was the Sioux who had laid waste his peaceful village, and Nawata-taoni, feeling that to live was necessary to his revenge, fled. To leap into the lake, to swim under water until his breath could be held no longer, then to rise at a distance and shake his clenched fist at his pursuers, who, discharging a hasty flight of arrows, threw down their bows and followed him, was the work of a few minutes. The bubbling springs con-

fused his pursuers, and some were at fault; but there were enough who were not, and Nawata-toni soon found that these were gaining on him. The darkness was not sufficient to hide any very palpable object from the sight; and when, reaching the point where, in a kind of whirlpool, the lake rushed into its cavernous passage to the river, the Sioux saw their victim plunge into the vortex, an awful yell rent the air. The whole fifty warriors in an instant were on the land, which gave a distinct view of both pieces of water. Another yell, half of pleasure, half of admiration, followed, when the opposite cavern gave up the apparently lifeless body of Nawata-toni. Every dark form, which a moment before was filled with bitter sensations of disappointment, now dilated with joy, and, plunging after the chief, each man sought to be the winner of the prize. The end of the chase appeared no longer doubtful. Nawata, bewildered, stunned, almost senseless, however, rapidly recovered, but not so rapidly as to be any match for his pursuers, who, fresh, strong in numbers, and eager for his scalp, dashed after him with an intense violence, which showed how much they valued their prey. Nawata laughed aloud, a laugh of taunting, bitter irony, as he cried, 'The Sioux are squaws—the Sioux are dogs!' Still they rushed on, more eager than ever, their yells mingling with the boiling waters, when suddenly Nawata plunged headlong under water. A yell of horror, terror, agony, burst from the foremost of the Sioux as they strove to turn, but it was in vain; those behind pressed them on; man clung to man, men to men. One gigantic warrior clutched a point of rock; the Sioux became as one dark mass; they were stationary. The whole fifty or sixty warriors were hanging by the single arm of the gigantic chief; they were in the very leap of the cataract; the current was too impetuous to be stemmed: there was no hope. A loud taunting laugh caused them to raise their eyes to the bank, on which stood the avenger pointing to the abyss below. A cry then arose so horrible, so piteous, so deathlike, that even Nawata was appalled, and he returned to his hut, without one living enemy within hundreds of miles, with a heavy heart. But he had had his revenge; the place was now deserted; no one would dwell in it—certainly not Nawata-toni; 'and,' said the Indian, 'Nawata dwelt with the pale faces, and hunted for them, and the Waccos became his friends, and called his name White Hawk.'

I started; the conclusion was unexpected. Thirty years had passed, and Nawata-toni was an old man. I told the chief how deeply his tale had interested me; but neither he nor I cared about any other that night; and over an excellent cup of coffee, prepared by our French hostess, we dwelt for hours on the recollections which had been awakened in both our bosoms by the Legend of the Happy Valley.

THE GRINDERS OF SHEFFIELD.

[Abridged from the London and Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science, as given in the Medical Times.]

'DR G. CALVERT HOLLAND, of Sheffield, has published a series of communications of great importance and value on the grinders of that town, more especially with reference to their physical condition, the manner in which it may be alleviated, the diseases to which they are subjected, chiefly those of the pulmonary system, the pathological changes induced in their lungs, and the treatment that should be adopted for their relief. He says his attention was directed several years ago to the condition of the grinders, in the hope that something might be devised to mitigate the evils under which they labour, and the lengthened investigations into which he has entered are the result of much thought and personal observation. His object was less to study the phenomena of disease, than to induce the legislature, by a statement of general facts, to take the appalling circumstances into consideration, with the view to enforce measures for their correction; and he thinks he has reason to believe that the legislature will interfere. When it is considered that in Sheffield some

thousands of individuals pursue the pernicious occupation of grinding, and that many thousands depend upon these for their daily bread, it becomes an imperative duty to endeavour to correct evils fraught with so much misery and wretchedness, not only to the artisans and their families, but injurious in the extreme to the town at large.'

A plan of Mr Abraham for saving grinders from the effects to which they are exposed having in a great measure failed, from its application being voluntary on the part of the men, another and much more effectual means of preventing the dust from being swallowed has been invented. 'A wooden funnel, from ten to twelve inches square, is placed a little above the surface of the revolving stone, on the side the furthest from the grinder, and this funnel terminates in a channel immediately under the surface of the floor; or we may consider the channel simply as the continuation of the funnel, in order to avoid any confusion in the explanation. The channel varies in length, according to the situation of the grinder, in reference to the point where it is most convenient to get quit of the dust. If we suppose that eight or ten grinders work in the same room, each has his own funnel and channel, and they all terminate in one common channel, the capacity of which is, perhaps, twice or three times as great as each of the subordinate or branch-channels. The point where they terminate is always close to an external wall. At this point, within the general channel, a fan is placed, somewhat in form like that used in winnowing corn, and to this is attached a strap which passes upwards, and over a pulley, so that whatever puts the pulley in motion causes the fan also to revolve. The pulley is placed in connection with the machinery which turns the stone, so that whenever the grinder adjusts his machinery to work, he necessarily sets the pulley and the fan in motion. The fan, acting at this point, whatever may be the length of any of the subordinate channels, causes a strong current to flow from the mouth of each funnel, which carries along with it all the gritty and metallic particles evolved, leaving the room in which the operations are pursued free from any perceptible dust. When the whole apparatus is perfect and in excellent condition, the atmosphere of the place is almost as healthy as that of a drawing-room.

The efficiency of this apparatus is shown in a spindle manufactory belonging to Messrs Yeoman and Shaw, where it is kept in beautiful order. The dust, which is thoroughly removed, is conveyed by the general channel into a trough of water on the outside of the building. The quantity which accumulates in it in a few weeks is very great, and in raising it in a mass, it seems to have almost the specific gravity of metal. The expense in the construction of the apparatus would scarcely exceed the proportion of a sovereign to each grinder. The funnel will cost only a few shillings, and the channel, if the grinder work on the ground-floor, may be formed by the excavation of the earth, and placing bricks over it, or it may be constructed entirely of bricks. The fan and pulley may be purchased for a mere trifle. The branch or subordinate channels should be under, and not, as they are occasionally, above the floor. In the latter case, especially if made of wood, they are liable to accidents, and may be so damaged as to destroy their utility, the dust escaping into the room, and rendering the atmosphere exceedingly impure.'

Scissor-grinding is described as exceedingly pernicious to health; but 'the more destructive the branch, the more ignorant, reckless, and dissipated are the workmen, and the greater is the tendency to marry, and at exceedingly early ages. Where the circumstances of the occupation are favourable, the average duration of life will be high, where otherwise, low; consequently the ages of the workmen in the respective branches of grinding are a general indication of its healthy or prejudicial nature. In the scissor-grinding branch, 161 of the 213 employed are under 40 years of age, thus affording direct evidence of the destructive tendency of the business. Of these 213, 11 have not worked at the trade for several years, from different causes, and only one of the 213 has reached the age of 60. The majority of deaths occur respectively from the ages of 26 to 30, and from 36 to 40. Of 102 deaths, 86 took place under 45 years of age, and five only exceeded 50; of 1000 scissor-grinders, not one has reached the 65th year, while of an equal number of operatives in Manchester, there are 45 living at that age, and in the agricultural county of Northumberland 119. Many of the artisans in this branch are emaciated and shattered in constitution at an age considerably under the prime of life, owing to the pernicious

nature of the pursuit. Of the 213, 145 were found to have suffered, or were at present afflicted with the following diseases:—24 had been affected with inflammation in some part of the chest, which had required medical treatment; 24 had had spitting of blood; 24 had suffered from rheumatism, and often in a very severe form; 33 complained of some affection of the urinary organs, frequently pain in micturition, or the deposition of numerous small particles of sand; 12 had had fever, in most cases typhus; and 18 had unequivocal organic disease of the lungs, exhibiting difficulty of breathing, urgent cough, and expectoration. The grinders themselves never seem to be sensible of the incipient stages of pulmonary disease, though invariably accompanied with cough, and some degree of difficulty of breathing on exertion. They complain only when disease interferes with the ability to pursue the occupation.

The educational condition of the scissor-grinders is low. Of the 213, 98 can read and write, but very indifferently; 17 can read only, and 98 can neither read nor write. More than half of these are under 35 years of age. The apprentices in this branch are not much better educated.

Fork-grinding is considered as a branch of the work of much destructive tendency, that other artisans frequently refuse to work in the same room with the fork-grinders, and many sick-clubs have an especial rule against their admission, as they would draw largely on their funds, from frequent and long-continued sickness. There are 87 men and 100 boys employed, and an immense proportion of them die under 30 years of age. In 1820, it was found that one-fourth of the number employed died every five years, a rate of mortality exceeding everything previously known in any branch of manufacture, or in any pursuit or occupation. Of the 61 who died from 1825 to 1840, 35 died under 30 years of age, and 47 under 36. Out of 1000 deaths of persons above 20 years of age, the proportion between 20 and 30 in England and Wales is 160; in Sheffield 184; but amongst the fork-grinders, the proportion is the appalling number of 475; so that between these two periods, three in this trade die to one in the kingdom generally. Between the ages of 30 and 40 a still greater disparity presents itself. In the kingdom, 136 only in the 1000 die; in Sheffield 164; but in the fork-grinding branch 410; so that between 20 and 40 years of age, in this trade, 885 perish out of the 1000, while in the kingdom at large only 296.

Needle-grinding is not very extensively carried on in Sheffield, where it has been introduced only of late years. Dr Holland's remarks are therefore based upon his observations at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, where there are several manufactories. He says that he had frequently heard of the pernicious tendency of this particular occupation, and though prepared to believe much, from elaborate investigations into similar pursuits, he thinks that the physical evils produced by it exceed all that imagination has pictured. He had no conception that men could be found so reckless of consequences as to engage in the trade, when protracted suffering and death were the certain results. The new hands are taken fresh from the plough with vigorous constitutions, at a time of life when the animal system possesses considerable energy—that is, from the ages of 17 to 20—are employed only six hours a-day, having the rest of their time for gardening and other amusements, and yet the majority of them are killed off under 30 years of age, after two or three years of suffering. Such details are fearfully sickening.

The number of needle-grinders at Hathersage in 1822 was 7; in 1832, 14; and in 1842, 23. The average age of the 23 is 25½; that at which they began the business, 18½. Of 12 who have died at Hathersage, the average duration of life, after commencing needle-grinding, is 13 years and 4 months, the longest period being 24 years, the shortest 5. The man who continued thus employed for 24 years began to work at 18; 9 of the twelve died of the grinder's disease. There are 10 needle-grinders in Sheffield, who present the same general facts as the preceding 23. They generally work the entire day. When the needle-grinder is exceedingly ill, suffering from a constantly distressing cough, and great difficulty of breathing—symptoms which usually continue for several years—he follows his occupation until his strength is quite unequal to any exertions. He is then a miserable object; his figure is bent forward, his looks haggard, his frame emaciated, and a train of other symptoms indicative of wretchedness are obvious to the superficial observer. The average of individual suffering of the 8 workmen who died at Hathersage of the grinder's disease was 15 months, the longest period being 36 months, the

shortest 5 weeks. The needle-grinders are ignorant, and mostly dissipated. One-half can neither read nor write. The dust which is evolved in the process of needle-grinding contains a much larger amount of steel than is produced by any other kind of grinding.

Razor-grinding Dr Holland considers to be accompanied with greater evils than the two preceding. It is much more laborious, requiring, in some of the stages, a continual concentration of muscular power, while at the same time the trunk is bent at a right angle over the revolving stone, a position which is peculiarly unfavourable to respiration. The back and tang, or small end of the razor, are invariably ground on a dry stone, the rest on a wet one. During the latter process, the artisan says, a gaseous matter is evolved, not only exceedingly disagreeable, but prejudicial, and which is necessarily inhaled. There are 275 adult workmen, 154 of whom are under 31 years of age, only 20 above 45. This falling off in numbers before the prime of life is owing to the destructive tendency of the occupation.

Pen-knife-grinders use both the dry and the wet stone; the atmosphere they breathe is exceedingly injurious, though less so than that used by the fork-grinders. There were, in 1811, 319 persons employed, of whom 295 are under 46 years of age; 33 of the 319 have been removed for various periods from the baneful influence of the trade, having been in the army or navy, or otherwise employed: 67 have died since 1832, 52 of whom died under 42 years of age; and of the 15 above it, 5 were not fully exposed to the destructive agencies of the employment, by not having worked regularly at it.

Table-knife-grinding is almost always effected on the wet stone, but the artisans are more or less exposed to the dust caused by dry grinding, from working in the same room. Their condition, in regard to health and longevity, is intermediate between the most deleterious and the least pernicious branches. Table-knife-grinding is practised partly in the country and partly in the town. Saw, file, and scythe-grinding is less pernicious. Scythes are entirely ground on the wet stone. The occupation is laborious, but not injurious to health. The men live and work in the country, and are a fine healthy set: they are 30 in number: there are 10 apprentices. They can all read and write. They are better educated, and live longer than other workmen, with the exception of the saw-grinders.

From the preceding statements, we may infer that some of the more pernicious influences to which the grinders, as a class, are exposed, are susceptible of modification, and that their present painful condition is greatly aggravated by a general want of education, and by intemperance.

THE DANSEUSE.

THE suppleness and agility attained by stage-clowns, posture-masters, and dancers, is a marvel to every on-looker, while to the physiologist it is an interesting illustration of the effect of use or exercise in improving the physical powers. The training required for the buffoon and dancer is commenced in their childhood, when the system is soft and pliable, and it is continued incessantly till they have become more or less accomplished in their art. It involves a constant practice of leaping, tumbling, twisting, and bending of the body into all sorts of odd attitudes, besides the throwing of the somerset, which is justly reckoned amongst the most difficult of all such feats. To attain eminence in the profession, not only an unusual degree of industry must be exerted in this course of education, but an uncommon degree of personal elegance and vigour, and perhaps also some extraordinary mental faculties are necessary. In all this, there is involved a good deal of hardship, while in some branches, as in that of the female rope-dancer, there is superadded a deprivation of delicacy which it is extremely painful to contemplate.

Female stage-dancers, or danseuses, are not exposed to so much degradation; but their education is not less tardy and painful. The primary object is to bring, by sheer exercise, the joints of the limbs and feet to a state of extreme agility, as well as strength: even in the education of the two great toes, so as to make them capable of standing and pirouetting upon these extremities, a vast amount of labour and care is expended. And not only must this power be acquired, but it must be sustained, for which purpose constant exercise is required; as, otherwise, the joints would become stiff, and relapse to an ordinary degree of strength. To acquire afterwards skill and grace in

the movements of the dance, is a subordinate object. Paris is the metropolis of the world of the dance, and to it accordingly do the aspirants of this art resort from nearly all parts of the civilised world, in order to obtain the last and finishing graces of their profession. To bring even a naturally well-qualified danseuse to perfection, requires a degree of application, a subjection to a series of torturing devices, and an expenditure of money, from which all would shrink with dismay, were it not for the enormous remuneration which she has the chance of obtaining. A danseuse who reaches the first rank in her profession—a Taglioni, for example—will clear hundreds of pounds by a single exhibition, and gain more money, perhaps, in a season, than men of science will obtain for a lifetime spent in the most valuable services to mankind. In a publication called *La Monde Musicale*, an account is given by a member of the corps de ballet of the nature of the education which fitted her for her high calling. We present the following passages for the amusement of our readers, taking only leave to hint, that the account is perhaps a little overdrawn.

'Ah, sir, if you did but know how much courage, patience, resignation, and unremitting labour a poor girl must command—if you did but know what excruciating tortures she must submit to, and how many involuntary tears she must stifle—even to become a "mediocre" dancer, you would at once be moved with terror and compassion.

Scarcely was I seven years when I was despatched to the class of M. Barrez. Oftentimes I was sent early in the morning, with nothing in my stomach but an equivocal cup of coffee, without socks to my feet or a shawl over my shoulders. I oftentimes arrived shivering and half-famished; then commenced the daily torture, of which, however exact my description might be, I should fail in giving you a just idea. Banished from our code, torture has taken refuge in the class for dancing.

Every morning my feet were imprisoned in a groove-box, heel against heel, and knees turned outwards; my martyred feet accustomed themselves naturally at last to fall in a parallel line. This is what is called "*se tourner*."

After half an hour of the groove, I was subjected to another variety of torture. This time I was obliged to rest my foot on a bar, which I was obliged to hold in a horizontal line with the hand opposite the foot I was exercising. This they term "*se casser*."

After these labours were over, you imagine, perhaps, that I enjoyed the charms of repose; repose for me, indeed! as if a dancer knew what repose was! We were like the wandering Jew to whom the Barres and the Couloins were perpetually crying out "Dance, dance." After these *tourments* and *cassers*, we were obliged, in order to escape from professional reprimand or paternal correction, to study assiduously the *jets*, the *volées*, the *ronds de jambes*, the *jouettes*, the *cambrées*, the *parcours sur le cordeau*, the *rauts de basques*, the *pas de tourrées*, and, finally, the *entre-chats à quatre*, à six et à huit. Such, sir, are the agreeable elements of which the art of dancing is composed: and do not believe that this rude fatigue lasts only for a time; it is to last and to be renewed without intermission; on this condition only can the dancer preserve her *souplesse* and her *légereté*. A week of repose must be redeemed by two months of redoubled incessant toil.

I have seen Mademoiselle Taglioni, after a two hours' lesson which her father had just given her, fall exhausted on the carpet of her chamber, where she was undressed, sponged, and resuscitated, totally unconscious of her situation. The agility and marvellous bounds of the evening were insured only at a price like this. Now, the example of la Taglioni is strictly followed by the other opera-dancers. There are some even who, by nature having greater difficulties to surmount, martyrise themselves with a barbarity yet more ferocious. Nathalie Fitzjames was an example of this; she invented a new method, *de se tourner*, et *se casser*, at once and the same time.

Perhaps you are not aware that the art of dancing is divided into branches—en Ballonné and en Tactuée. The Ballonné is the school of Taglioni; it is lightness combined with grace—the dance which seems to delight in and float on the air. The Tactuée is vivacity and rapidity; 'tis the little sparkling steps and measures on the point of the feet; in a word, it is what Fanny Elssler is.

You are aware that a similar profession cannot be exercised with impunity. From the multitude of simulated dangers, the dancer accustoms herself to real ones, as the soldier in war-times accustoms himself to pillage. Now she is suspended to lines of wire, now she is seated on

pasteboard clouds; she disappears through traps, she ascends through chimneys; she makes her exit by the window. In the first set of the new ballet, *La Peri*, there is so dangerous a leap, that I consider Carlotta Grisi risks her life every time she executes it; the *mal-adresse* of a moment, in shifting the trap-door, and Carlotta would dash her brains out against the plank. There is a certain Englishman who never misses a performance of this ballet; he is persuaded that it will prove fatal to Carlotta, and he would not for the world be absent on that night. This is the same Englishman who followed Van Amburgh for three years, ever believing that the moment would arrive when the wild beasts would sup on their master.'

Dignity of Labour.—In early life, David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, 'Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.' From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable and gain their own living by their own labour.—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

Waste of Land.—If we consider it to be a waste to employ land in the production of articles to be used in forming intoxicating liquors, the waste must be immense. A writer in a newspaper makes the following calculation:—'There are 45,769 acres of land employed in the cultivation of hops, and one million acres of land employed to grow barley, to convert into strong drink. According to Fenton's calculation, if the land which is employed in growing grain for the above purpose were to be appropriated to the production of grain for food, it would yield more than a four-pound loaf to each of the supposed number of human beings in the world; or it would give three loaves per week to each family in the United Kingdom! If the loaves (each measuring 4 inches by 12) were placed end to end, they would extend 160,225 miles, or would more than describe the circumference of the globe six times! But vast as this waste is, it is a trifle when compared with that on the continent of Europe, where whole districts are devoted to the culture of the vine.

Tact in Begging.—The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces stranger vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very adroitly. We give the following as a specimen:—An English preacher advocating the generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to his hearers:—'From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of, that some of you may feel inclined to give too much. Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts. The result was an overflowing collection.—*Boston Recorder.*

THE editors respectfully announce that they do not require any communications in prose or verse.

The half of a five-pound Bank of England note has been received for Mrs Reston from 'an Englishman.'—Dec. 30, 1843.

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